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STORMING QUEBEC.

Written soon after the great fire in Quebec, in the Spring of 1845,

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

As the conquest of Canada seems to have been a leading object in our two defensive wars with Great Britain, we would respectfully call the attention of all those whose patriotism is not "run" in a pair of bullet moulds, to the present juncture of affairs in Quebec. We are firmly persuaded that that redoubtable city might be easily overcome, if a well arranged descent were made upon it, without a moment's delay. And if Capt. Polk would but commission us to fit out that great lazy leviathan, the Ohio, which lies basking its crocodile back in Boston harbor, and permit us to man and arm it with such men and arms as we wot of, we would engage to reduce that American Gibraltar in ten days, without the loss of a single drop of blood. Who cares for Wolfe and Montgomery? Brave men they were, in a certain sort of fashion; but they did "not know anything about war," about overcoming enemies; they had not the gospel knack of taking a city. Their tactics and tools were all short-sighted and short-bitted. The difficulty with them and all of their kind was this—they could not get at the enemy.—They pushed thousands of their foes into eternity on the points of their bayonets; their cannon fenced the plains of Abraham with windrows of dead men; but they never killed an enemy. Enemies are as immortal as any malignant spirits, and you might as well hope to shoot sin stone dead, as to shoot an enemy. There is but one way given under heaven by which one can

kill an enemy, and that is, by putting coals of fire upon his head ; that does the business for him at once. Lie in wait for him, and when you catch him in trouble, faint from hunger or thirst, or shivering with cold, spring upon him like a good Samaritan, with your hand, eyes, tongue, and heart full of good gifts. Feed him, give him drink, and warm him with clothing and words of kindness ; and he is done for. You have killed an enemy and made a friend at one shot.

Now, as we were saying, we should like to be put in command of the Ohio for thirty days. We would trundle out all that was made of iron, except the anchor, cable and marlinspike—we would not save a single cutlass, though it had been domesticated to a cheese knife. Then the way we would lade down the huge vessel to the water's edge with food and covering for human beings, should be a marvel in the carrying trade. The very ballast should be something good to eat.—Let's see—yes—we have it ! The ballast should be round clams, or the real quahaugs,—heavy as cast iron, and capital for roasting. Then we would build along up, filling every square inch with well cured provisions. We would have a hogshead of bacon mounted into every port-hole, each of which should discharge fifty hams a minute when the ship was brought into action. And the state-rooms should be filled with well-made garments, and the taut cordage, and the long tapering spars should be festooned with boy's jackets and trowsers. Then, when there should be no more room for another codfish or herring, or sprig of catnip, we would run up the white flag of peace, and, ere the moon changed, it should wave in triumph in the harbor of Quebec. We would anchor under the silent cannon of her Gibraltar, and open our *butteries* upon the hungry and houseless thousands begging bread on the hot ashes of their dwellings. We would throw as many hams into the city, in twenty-four hours, as there were bomb-shells and cannon-balls thrown into Keil by the besieging armies. We would barricade the low, narrow streets, where live the low and hungry people, with loaves of bread. We would throw up a breast-work clear around the market place, of barrels of flour, pork and beef ; and in the middle, we would raise a stock of salmon and codfish as large as a small Methodist meeting house, with a steeple to it, and a bell in the steeple ; and the bell should ring to all the city bells ; and the city bells should ring to all the people to come to market and buy provisions, "without money and without price." And white flags should every where wave in the breeze, on the vanes of steeples, on mast-heads, on flag-staves along the embattled walls, on the ends of willow sticks borne by the romping, laughing, trooping children. All the blood-colored

drapery of war should bow and blush before the stainless standard of Peace, and generations of Anglo-Saxons should remember, with mutual felicitations, THE CONQUEST OF THE WHITE FLAG; or, The Storming of Quebec.

"WHAT A SOLDIER ENLISTS FOR."

BY A. G. COMINGS.

When the battle strife was raging, on the field, Resaca de la Palma, a brave fellow was discovered who had lost both legs by a cannon shot from the Mexicans. His life-blood was fast flowing away, when he was discovered by those who were pressing on to the dreadful strife. That fellow-feeling which is always found in a greater or less degree to exist among those of the same fraternity, towards one in distress, caused the soldiers who were pressing onward to the work of death to tarry, as if to minister to the relief of a dying comrade. But the dying look of the fallen man refused their attentions. With his hand he pointed to the place where the battle was raging—he urged them forward, saying, "*This is only what a soldier enlists for.*"

A soldier, writing from the fort opposite Matamoras, took occasion to speak of what would probably be their situation and their fate, and concluded an important sentence in the following words; "Some of us," said he, "will get our pates cracked; but that is our profession."

It is not to be questioned that a soldier who had seen rivers of blood flowing on the battle fields of Europe *knew* "what a soldier enlists for." It is not to be disputed that one who had seen his comrades fall under the war-axe of the Indian savages knew that it was an important part of a soldier's profession to "get his pate cracked."

When we are asked what a soldier enlists for, we may give an answer in plain and simple language. We may say, "He enlists to be killed on the field of battle, and to be buried like a dog, or become food for vultures."

Shrink not back from this, you patriotic mother, who encourage your son to enlist. Remember "what a soldier enlists for." Did not soldiers kill soldiers, there would be no use made of soldiers. A few would be sufficient to conquer the world, if none were to be killed. But those nations who give up the greatest number of men to be killed, conquer thereby. It is understood that many are to be killed. So it is considered